

Live

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Summary: Scully ponders about the search for the Truth after another dead-end lead

Live

Ah, the life of an insomniac. My latest piece of work was finished on the 21st of April, 1999, at none other than midnight. Amazing isn't it? I started on the 20th but with revision and proofreading... Anyway, this latest fanfic is a conversation that Scully is having with herself. No, she's not crazy, she's tossing up ideas in her mind about the search for the Truth and Mulder's reaction certain outcomes she conjures up. This would take place after a dead-end lead, as mentioned in the story. Oh and the title is Live as in: Don't die, live. It's that kind of live not, the kind that sounds like it has the letter 'a' in front. Does that make sense? I would like to thank the few of you out there that said nice things about my writings; even if you were just being nice it has encouraged me to keep writing. Anyway, read and write back!

Live...

The noise an airplane makes, that rumbling noise that is audible just before take off, always makes me think of Mulder. It is as if it were gathering all of its energy for an adventure (take-off, landing, problems, etc.) but when it discovers nothing exciting it dies down and becomes silent until the next adventure.

Adventures. That's what Mulder calls our illegal excursions to find the truth. But is it only a cover to look for Samantha? Mulder gets over Samantha's disappearance for a while until something comes up and he's pining over her like he just lost her. I think Samantha was the reason for his quest at first but now he wants the truth, most likely having to do with an alien life form. As long as it doesn't make sense and can't be explained, then it's acceptable.

What if Mulder only continues his fight for revenge? Could it be that he wants to make those who harmed us pay; to harm those who brought

harm upon most everyone we know? No, I don't think Mulder really has that big of a death wish and would harbor that much resentment. But of course, his sister has been missing for over two decades. That's a big pile of resentment just sitting and gathering more fuel with which to burn those who took her.

At this the subject of my silent critique accidentally hits my elbow with his and looks more apologetic than necessary. His 'sorry' takes on several different meanings for me. 'I'm sorry for bumping elbows with you.' 'I'm sorry for your sister.' 'I'm sorry for everything you've been through.' 'I'm sorry that you were stuck spying on me.' 'And I'm sorry for my latest mistake: my desperate need for the truth that dragged you halfway across America to find nothing.'

The latest is as clear as day, something that I can't forget because it has been the same basic mistake, time and again. I got a frantic call from Mulder at only 4 in the morning, telling me that our flight leaves in an hour. A good, 'reliable' source had informed him of none other than proof of alien existence. So why were we surprised that our source was a no-show? That there was nothing alien in the town, except the food? This only happened every time Mulder found a source. Mulder hasn't spoken since he cursed out the man that delivered the news that the places he was looking for have never existed. He merely booked the flights out and I followed him home.

So back to my initial theory: Mulder is out to look for the truth. But what will the truth turn out to be? Will it end up being nothing more than a tangled web of deceit and lies, woven by who else but our smoking friend? What will become of Mulder if he finds out that the truth he has been pursuing for so long is all another lie? Would he blend into the woodwork at last, follow the other employees and investigate more pressing cases? No, he would never do that willingly. So would he merely become a memory, after ending his life as quickly as it had become? No, I couldn't imagine Mulder doing that either and I wouldn't want to, the very thought sends shivers down my spine.

Once again I'm pulled out of my reverie when Mulder brushes softly against me. But this time the action is intentional; we have landed and it is time for us to go home. I turn to him and offer him a tentative smile, which he accepts, returning a small one of his own, surprised that I am not yelling at him or abandoning him. Like I could do that. Then I realize what everything is about: protection. All he ever wanted to do was to protect his baby sister from something bad. He wanted to protect me from everything. He wants to protect out those who are naïve enough to believe that everyone is friendly. This is a comforting thought.

"Live, Mulder," I say, the first words spoken between us in too long. "Don't give up, no matter what."

Mulder looks at me and nods. Then he lowers his head, his hazel eyes intense and focused on my blue ones. "You too, Scully. Live."

THE END

DISCLAIMER: This part always makes me cry. I don't own 'em, never will but would love to. I didn't hurt them and didn't make any money with them. There, lemme get a tissue, are you happy now?

End
file.